

plies which, from the beginning, have been the source of encouragement and strength to the rebellion (applause). Gen. Sherman on his part, by a marvelous succession of battles and marches, overcoming all the obstacles interposed by nature and by a stubborn foe, has shown triumphantly that our army can march and then fight, march and then fight again and conquer (applause and "Good"). While by the capture of Atlanta his splintered the very key-stone of the whole rebel arch (renewed applause). Such, fellow-citizens, are the victories which we are assembled here to commemorate to-night.

This is a moment of joy, not that fellow-citizens in arms against us have been overcome, not that blood is flowing, not that fields and villages and towns are smoking, but that our country is redeemed from peril and that the public enemy is beaten down under our feet (applause). Such is the occasion of rejoicing to-night. Hearts overflow, eyes glisten, the voice rings out with gladness; the heart echoes to the booming cannon, and victory thrills us all with its bewitching, triumphant music. This, sir, is the time for rejoicing, for "there is a time for sorrow, and there is a time also for joy"; but this is a time for joy. "Blow, bugles, blow; set all your wild notes flying!"

Unhappy those who cannot now join in our joy. Unhappy those who, as they listen to the booming cannon, to the swelling music, and to those eloquent voices that have preceded me, cannot echo them back with gladness in their hearts. Unhappy all such who call themselves by the American name. And why can they not rejoice? Alas! it is because their sympathies are with the enemy, or because they place party above their country even to the extent of placing that country out in twain—(A voice—“Shame!”)—like the false mother who appeared for judgment before Solomon. As the wise monarch clearly saw that the woman who was ready to see her child divided in two was a false mother, so may we all clearly see that those who are ready to see their country divided in two are false citizens. The judgment of Solomon stands good to this hour, against all who show such criminal insensibility.

Fellow-citizens, these Northern criminals (I like to call things by their proper names, and I thank my honored friend who preceded me for his exposition on that subject, telling how near they came to being traitors)—these Northern criminals are nothing else than unarmed guerrilla bands of Jefferson Davis marauding here at the North (loud cheers). They cry out peace, but, fellow-citizens, are we not all for peace? Sir, are you not for peace, are not all of the honored gentlemen by whom I am surrounded for peace? For myself, let me say, peace is the longing sentiment and passion of my life. Not so in the bloody days of the English civil war, tried out peace, peace, peace, more fervently now. With me the day begins, continues and ends with this aspiration; but it is precisely here I am thus determined for peace, because with me such a bane and end-all, that I now insist at all hazards that this rebellion shall be crushed and trampled out totally, entirely and utterly, so that it shall never again break forth in blood (loud cheers).

The name of peace and for the sake of our many victories on land and sea. The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils, and in the hearts of the people. The reestablishment of the Union in all its integrity is, I am thus determined to be, the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that the rebels are now ready for peace, upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by the greatest nations, and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such peace, reestablish the Union and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace—*we ask no more.*

Let me add what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiment of the Convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union, it should be received with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights.

If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain those objects should fail, the responsibility for ultimate consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards.

I could not look in the face my gallant comrades of the army and navy who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain; that we had abandoned that Union for which we have so often periled our lives.

As far as our own people, whether in the army and navy or at home, as I would hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace, on the basis of the Union under the Constitution, without the effusion of another drop of blood. But no peace can be permanent without Union.

As to the other subjects presented in the resolutions of the Convention, I need only say that I should seek in the Constitution of the United States, and the laws framed in accordance therewith, the rule of my duty, and the limitations of executive power; endeavor to restore economy in public expenditure, reestablish the supremacy of law, and by the assertion of a more vigorous and impartial justice, commanding position among the nations of the earth.

The condition of our finances, the depreciation of the paper money, and the burdens thereby imposed on labor and capital, show the necessity of a return to a sound financial system; while the rights of citizens and the rights of States, and the binding authority of law over president, army, and people, are subjects of not less vital importance in war than in peace.

But, as far as the views here expressed are those of the Convention and the people you represent, I accept the nation.

I realize the weight of the responsibility to be borne should the people ratify your choice.

Conscious of my own weakness, I can only seek fervently the guidance of the Ruler of the universe, and, relying on his all-powerful aid, do my best to restore Union and peace to a suffering people, and to establish and guard their liberties and rights.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Yours obedient servant,
GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, and others, Committee.

LETTER FROM GEN. GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1 CITY POINT, VA., AUG. 16, 1864.

HON. E. B. WASHBURN.—Dear Sir: I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now is to insure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North.

The rebels have now in their ranks their last man.

The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners,

guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons or entrenched positions.

A man lost by them cannot be replaced.

They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force.

Beside what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from deserts and other causes at least one regiment per day.

With this drain

there is not far distant, if we will only be true to ourselves. Their hope is to be divided.

This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, while it would weaken us.

With the draft quietly enforced, the enemy would become despondent, and would make but little resistance.

I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election.

They have many hopes from its effects.

They hope the election of the Peace candidate.

In fact, like Micah, they hope for something to "turn up."

Our peace is to be made by the South.

It is to be made by the South.

Capitol, to commemorate the crowning virtue of Democratic institutions in the freedom of the slave.

Art. VI. "The Two Carlyles" draw a sad but truthful contrast between the Carlyle of the Past and the Carlyle of the Present—between Carlyle the universal believer and Carlyle the universal sceptic—between him to whom the world was full of wonder and beauty and him who can see it nothing but force on the one side and shame on the other! From this article—written, we are sure, by no other than David A. Watson—we mean are long to give our readers the benefit of some striking extracts.

—We call the attention of our readers to the *Pro-* *pects of the Examiner* in another column.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, Sept. 12th, 1864.

These papers have told you that we in Boston fully complied with the President's request that the victories gained for the Union at Atlanta and Mobile might be duly celebrated. Certainly the importance of these victories is very great, both towards the overthrow of the rebellion and the success of Mr. Lincoln in the approaching Presidential contest. We had, of course, a Faneuil Hall meeting. Those who were in attendance can testify that it was densely crowded and overflowing with enthusiasm. The impatient waiters outside declared that a still larger number were away, unable to obtain admission. Your correspondent was present enough to go early, and fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the gallery. Those who stood upon the floor seemed to have strong and uncomfortable feelings forced upon them of the compressibility of man, for over and over again, after the hall seemed densely crowded, a strong impulse from without brought hundreds more within the doors, making a wave of movement up to the very platform, even as when the wind rippled the surface of a field of flowering grass or bearded grain.

Governor Andrew was President of the meeting, and made some animated introductory remarks.

Among the celebrities who spoke were our Senators, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, Mr. Rice, of Boston, and General Cutler of Wisconsin, an officer recently from the army. The soldier's speech gave great satisfaction to the audience, assuring them that the popular popularity as Gen. McClellan has with the Army of the Potomac will by no means suffice to make them vote for him as a candidate of the Chicago Convention, and a representative of the Chicago platform. More, Gen. Onderfelt very confident that the desire of a great majority in the army is to make our present condition productive of permanent peace, and not to close the war without thorough assurance that no root of it is left, capable of springing up and bringing forth the same evil fruit, at least in our generation.

The speaking was vigorous and effective, and the cheering enthusiastic. Still it is to be noticed that the speeches, and the resolutions, and the letters from gentlemen of distinction who were unable to give their personal attendance, all represented mainly patriotic and loyal, with comparatively little notice of slavery. They opposed the rebellion in the interest of the government, of public order, of the quiet, peace and prosperity of the country, but not specially in the interest of freedom. There were sundry incidental allusions to the evil and danger of slavery; but no speaker except Charles Sumner made this a prominent topic in his remarks. His speech, moderate in length, was very excellent, doing justice to the subjects both of slavery and peace.

The resolutions bore the same character that I have described to the speeches; the only one of them which justified slavery confining itself to a sanction of the Emancipation Proclamation, without the least hint that much more remained to be done in that direction, or that the present Administration had not understood that the resolutions originally written were to a much more vigorous and satisfactory character in some respects, but that they were pruned of suggestions and expressions which might be unwelcome to the Administration, mainly through the influence of Hon. Edward S. T. T. President of the Board of Trade and of the "Christian Commission," as called. Relating his relation to these two bodies unites with the cast of his character and the current of his life in inducing him to treat slavery tenderly; and so handle it with such gentleness, even when the exigencies of national and commercial business require him to put a cloak over it, as Isaac Walton recommends to his piscatorial pupil respecting the management of a certain species of live bait—"as if he loved it." The sort of life he has cultivated in this country has certainly acted, in the main, as the protector and guardian of slavery, up to the time of the rebellion. Its northern disciples still hold this position. Its southern professors have been moved by various considerations, temporal and spiritual, to go as far as the President does against slavery. But even their chaste souls, so inflected with a kindly remembrance of the alliance, and a glance at the possibility of its renewal, the future; and their prayers in regard to the pecuniary institution show no little resemblance to their petitions for human transgressors, urging not speed but utter destruction for it, but that present families may be sanctified to its good.

As usual in such meetings, there was no debate respecting the form or substance of the resolutions. They were passed by a very large vote, the chairman making it unnecessary to inquire whether there were any opposing voices.

Leaving this topic, I will give you a little incident which occurred before the opening of the meeting, in Boston, Massachusetts, and, I believe, New England.

WILLIAM B. WILSON.

Died, in Hartford, Ct., on Tuesday morning, Sept. 6th, of Dysentery, MARY WHITING, wife of Dr. L. M. Whiting, of Canton, Stark Co., Ohio. She came East to visit her kindred and the friends of her childhood, and to take home with her, on her return, a beloved daughter, who had been at school in Hartford. Almost immediately after her arrival in that city she became suddenly ill, and, after a few days of suffering, passed away, among strangers, "without one moment of delirium or confusion from the ordinary disease of the camp." They are laid in the ground with care, from a severe illness, and are buried with the usual rites.

Her husband, summoned by the telegraph, fortunately reached Hartford in time to soothe her last hours and receive her dying blessing.

Her remains were taken to the home which so long owed its brightness to her genial presence, and on Sunday last consigned to the grave among those who best knew her worth.

For fifteen years Mrs. Whiting was one of our intimate friends, and her death is to us a sore bereavement. Her surviving husband and daughters have our deepest sympathy in this hour of trial and sorrow.

The memory of her virtues and of her devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity, and the assurance that she lives to greet them in a brighter and a better world, will now be their only, and at the same time, let us hope, their unsilencing consolation.

WILLIAM B. WILSON.

Died, in the city of Trenton, 8th of 12th month, 1864, WILLIAM B. WILSON. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and we feel the comfortable assurance that it was the happy case with our departed friend, having been concerned to walk in that path which leads to peace, dealing justly with all, and bearing a testimony against oppression of every kind.

E. H.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The war news this week may be told in few words. A battle is daily expected between Grant and Lee. From Tennessee, we have news that the rebels are on the march, and the capturing of their forces. From Mobile, there is news that Farragut has already removed part of the obstructions at Dog River Bar. Affairs in the Shenandoah have undergone no material change. Sherman has returned to Atlanta to give his troops needed rest, and to fortify the place.

The case I am about to speak of belongs to the class last mentioned.

The gallery of Faneuil Hall seemed thoroughly filled when I went in to attend the Union meeting above described. But on a more careful survey I saw three girls sitting together in one of the best places, and covering a space sufficient for four, and perhaps five, persons. I requested one of them to move one way or the other and give me a seat. Keeping her place, she answered— "This seat is reserved." I asked, "Who reserves it?" Receiving no answer except a repetition of the former statement, I asked again— "Who reserves it?"

Immediately one of the party replied, in a sharp voice— "I reserve it for my sister, who is expected every minute, and nobody else can have it." As I was considering whether or not to insist upon my claim as first comer, I caught sight of another possibility next to the same bench, and a gentleman who was there. It is for the North to see that they have it.

COLONEL OFFICERS.

An army correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* gives us the following account of a negro who came into the city a few days ago:

"I been wan' reb' and 'scaped. I was in Stoneman's raid, sat, and reb' capshon us. Only two ob us boys 'scaped. Day dug a long ditch and made all de niggers stand in it, and den dey took a cannon and fired right dey de ditch and killed all at once. Two hundred were in it. Day all fell right back in de ditch, and de rebs made de Yankee prisoners, shovel dirt on 'em."

Those who have seen as near as I can give them. To the south, the world will think to take away its impressiveness. This is all dressed in Federal uniform, and has evidently been in rough service; whether the shocking tale he tells can be relied upon don't pretend to say. To us it sounded very much like truth.

COLONEL OFFICERS.

We learn from Washington that the War Department has authorized Col. Dudley of the Mass. 30th to raise a brigade of colored troops in New Orleans, to be officered by colored men. The officers will be selected by Col. Dudley, subject to the approval of Gen. Canby. The troops will not count on the quota of any State. —*Conf.*

ONE-THIRD OF THE SLAVE ELEMENT IN THE FEDERAL SERVICE.

In Front of Petersburg, Va., Wednesday, Sept. 7th, 1864.

It is estimated that at least one-third of the slave element of the South has now been converted into the Federal service, military and civil, and that this element now constitutes nearly one-third of the Federal force, constituted directly and indirectly, in the suppression of the rebellion. The colored troops, organized in the camp of the 32nd United States Colored Troops on the 2d, and resulted in the death of two men and slightly wounding three others. It appears that an un-

altered, and they made a precipitate motion of withdrawal, leaving him the dispossessed seat, and the audience of those around.

One of the girls was separated by this movement from her companions, and was obliged to ask the new-comer to change seats with her, a request which he courteously granted.

PATRIOTISM AT MEMPHIS.

St. Louis, Sept. 10.—The negroes at Memphis having expressed a desire to assist in the defense of the city, Gen. Washburn has authorized the organization of a regiment of colored troops for that purpose.

NEGRO PRISONERS.

From the Richmond *Sentinel* of Aug. 27th.

Negro prisoners of war to the number of eighty-two were received yesterday from Petersburg, and were turned into the negro pen adjoining the Castle. They were captured in the assault upon our works, after the explosion of the mine of the 30th of July, and are the most squalid, dirty, and woe-begone looking set of wretches ever seen in the darkened Castle gate. They were mainly from Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, and all, without a single exception, expressed the earnest desire to be returned to their masters.

THE NEGRO SOLDIERS' ANSWER TO GEN. SHERMAN.

It is to the negro troops at Dalton that Gen. Sherman now owes the gift of his "line of communications." When Col. Labbeld, with 500 men, was besieged there by 5,000 rebels, Gen. Steedman arrived to the rescue. A colored regiment was ordered to change the rebels.

"With a ringing cheer," says the dispatch, "and an impetuous rush, which was irresistible, they charged upon the rebels, who fled and fled in the utmost confusion."

It was the way the negroes answered Gen. Sherman's assertion that they were not fit for soldiers.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

OUR NEGRO REGIMENTS.

From the *Congregationalist*.

"We hear to-day, on the best authority, that Horace Greeley has again entered into correspondence with George N. Sanders, assuring him that Commissioners will be quickly sent, if desired by Meares, Clay and Holcombe, to Richmond, to negotiate for peace without conditions precedent. The wary George, having had his consultation with Horace to the effect that Mr. Lincoln must be consulted, has consulted the above gentlemen, and has written to Horace to tell Mr. Lincoln must probably will, as it is known that a great many leading men of the Republican party have been here lately urging that Peace Commissioners be sent to Richmond."

To which Mr. Greeley responds:

"If such staff does any good, why not feed them on it?" If the was George, he would have his fingers burnt as above, he certainly has not within the last six weeks, as we have heard nothing from him at that time. And if any one has been urging that Peace Commissioners be sent to Richmond, we don't believe they are 'leading men' of any party. We would send Commissioners to Raleigh, to Milledgeville, to Montgomery, or almost any other Southern capital rather than to Richmond in quest of Peace."

THE MANCHESTER ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The following letter from the American Minister at the Court of St. James to the Secretary of the Manchester Union and Emancipation Society explains itself.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, LONDON, 19th August, 1864.

Mr. — I am requested to inform you that the resolution passed by the Executive and Union and Emancipation Society at Manchester, on the 15th of July last, which I had the pleasure to transmit to the President of the United States, have been received by him with the most grateful satisfaction. If there were need, they have done their work well, and have done it in a way that will be remembered.

CHARLES SUMNER made this a prominent topic in his speech. His speech, moderate in length, was very excellent, doing justice to the subjects both of slavery and peace.

The resolutions bore the same character that I have described to the speeches; the only one of them which justified slavery confining itself to a sanction of the Emancipation Proclamation, without the least hint that much more remained to be done in that direction, or that the present Administration had not understood that the resolutions originally written were to a much more vigorous and satisfactory character in some respects, but that they were pruned of suggestions and expressions which might be unwelcome to the Administration, mainly through the influence of Hon. Edward S. T. T. President of the Board of Trade and of the "Christian Commission," as called.

Relating his relation to these two bodies unites with the cast of his character and the current of his life in inducing him to treat slavery tenderly; and so handle it with such gentleness, even when the exigencies of national and commercial business require him to put a cloak over it, as Isaac Walton recommends to his piscatorial pupil respecting the management of a certain species of live bait—"as if he loved it."

The resolutions, and the letters from gentlemen of distinction who were unable to give their personal attendance, all represented mainly patriotic and loyal, with comparatively little notice of slavery. They opposed the rebellion in the interest of the government, of public order, of the quiet, peace and prosperity of the country, but not specially in the interest of freedom. There were sundry incidental allusions to the evil and danger of slavery; but no speaker except Charles Sumner made this a prominent topic in his remarks. His speech, moderate in length, was very excellent, doing justice to the subjects both of slavery and peace.

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The resolutions, and the letters from gentlemen of

Miscellaneous Department.

LITTLE BELL.

"He preneth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird and beast."—Coleridge.
Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray—
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" O stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with shawry curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.
Little Bell sat down, beneath the rocks—
Tossing aside her pluming, golden locks—
"Bonny bird!" quoth she.
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest one I know,
Little Bell," said she.

And the blackbird piped—yon never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and quails,
Now as soft as silk, now as soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out frely o'er and o'er,
"Neath the morning skies,
In the little chidish heart below,
Swung and leaped and frolicked, full of fear—
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—

"Little Bell sat down at the fern—
"Squill, I'll tell you to ask return—
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Now away! the frisky squirrel hisses—
Golden wood-lights gleaming in his eyes—
And a down the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed by July sun,
In the boughs up to me by one,
Hark! how blackbird piped to see the sun!

"Happy Bell!" quoth she.
Little Bell looked up and down the glade—
"Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came the squirrel, with a fare—
Down the boughs bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah! the merry three!

And while the frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
"Neath the morning skies,
In the little chidish heart below,
All of them seemed to know, and grow,
Stilling out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this?" the angel said,
"That with her hands beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, O! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell," crooned he.
"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angel's care;
Child, you shall be safe—
Folded from harm—low—deep and kind
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

London *Athenaeum*.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

From the *Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.
The power of one man in the moral work of the world has never perhaps been better exemplified than in the life and labors of William Lloyd Garrison. Poor, obscure, and friendless, he began more than thirty years ago that crusade against slavery which he has never since relinquished, and which is now on the point of culminating in success. Garrison had to contend with not merely evil and the love of it, but with poverty also. Never had any man's labor a more inauspicious beginning. Public opinion was against him; all the political parties were against him; the Churches were against him; even trade and commerce were against him. Morally, in that day was at its lowest ebb in all the North. Men made a profit of wrong, and the Churches kept peace with crime. Evil appeared good; good appeared evil, and society was satisfied. Merchants made cent per cent. in the slave trade; priests preached to slaveholding congregations; slaves sat in Congress, and occupied the Presidential chair. Abolitionists had neither name nor existence. William Lloyd Garrison had greater work before him than even our English Abolitionists had; for America had become familiar with slavery, had seen it in the streets and at the auction marts, and had scarcely an idea that it differed in any respect from the existing social custom. Slavery was unknown in England, had only a colonial existence, concerned no more than a class; but in America it was part of the social system—all classes had touched the pitch, and had become defiled. The vested right in wrong was almost universal; and those who made no profit of the evil thing prudently held their peace for the most part, lest they should lose their personal popularity. But Garrison was neither appalled at the magnitude of the obstacles before him nor abashed by the contemplation of the insignificance of his resources. He began his labors with the assistance of a negro boy. He had no money to pay for the printing of his "Liberator"; and if he had had money, no "respectable" tradesmen in Boston could perhaps have been induced to print his paper for him. With the assistance of the negro boy, he printed it himself. For a long time the profits of the paper were so small—nobody thought in those days of reading an anti-slavery paper—that the editor and his printer lived chiefly on bread and water. "But," said the printer, "when we sold more copies than usual, we bought each a cup of milk." Garrison spoke as well as wrote against the crime and curse of his country, and the speaking was the more dangerous part of his work. He was pelted, mobbed, whenever and wherever he appeared to denounce the great infamy, he carried his life in his hand. It was then as perilous to talk of abolition in Boston as it is to-day in Richmond. Garrison knew beforehand the dangers of the work he undertook. Threats therefore did not appal him; nor did the personal violence he suffered induce him to desist from challenging publicly the popular inquiry. Neither opprobrium nor maltreatment could silence that chivalrous spirit. Presently others as earnest, as daring, and as eloquent as himself joined in his crusade against wrong. After years of toil, the conscience of America became touched, and Abolitionism acquired a respectable standing. We all know what is the present position of the anti-slavery movement in America. Slavery has been driven South, and has been put upon its defence even there. The change that has been wrought in public sentiment—how much of it is due to the man who began his crusade in the company of a negro boy! When the history of the last thirty years shall come to be written, one of the highest places of honor in it will be assigned to the name of William Lloyd Garrison.

Garrison denounced slavery and slaveholders in no mincing terms. Slavery was a crime, and he did not shrink to speak of it by any milder phrase. Slaveholders were thieves—robbers of other men's freedom—and he did not think it worth while to waste politeness on the worse enemies of mankind. Garrison did not deal in compliments; did not consider it proper to be nice and stately, but he told the truth of both the crime and the criminals. Men marvelled much at his daring—some even of his own friends, having respect for established sin, protested and rebuked, "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice," was Garrison's answer. "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statesman leap from his pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead." On this question my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not pitiably, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing—and posterity will bear witness that I am right." Time has already justified the prediction, and Garrison's inventive and far-seeing policy, in an anti-slavery government, and in an anti-slavery war.

The champion has now his revenge. It is not now objected that he denounces slavery in too harsh a phrase, but that he is mild and tame. But it is not Garrison that has changed—it is the popular sentiment that has been revolutionized. He is still as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. Here is his answer to the new objectors: "We espoused the anti-slavery cause not to be supported by it, not to find employment, but to lay upon its altar all of intellect, heart, and soul—all of self-sacrifice and moral power—all of heroic purpose, zealous devotion, and a good example—that we could bring to it. Nor are we conscious of any influence or external state of things to make us in the present or in any other spirit or from any other motive.

But Garrison is accused, not only of what is the ground of this accusation? The charge is founded on the circumstance that the "Liberator" objects to the candidature of Gen. Fremont, and supports the election of Abraham Lincoln. Personally perhaps Mr. Garrison would prefer Fremont to Lincoln. But that is not the question. Mr. Garrison may prefer somebody else to either—Charles Sumner or Wendell

Phillips. Ought he to advocate the election of the man he admires most, regardless of his chances at the poll? The matter to be decided, however, is less who shall than who shall not fill the post of President for the next four years. "The question," writes Mr. Garrison, "whether the loyal sentiment of the country can be more strongly brought out and secured by Lincoln or Fremont, and thus the government kept out of the hands of its deadly foes—that is the whole question." Admitting that the personal advantage is slightly in favor of Fremont, it is advisable to press forward his claims, and so run the risk of electing a pro-slavery candidate? To divide the Republican ranks is to give a Democrat a greater chance. Fremont is outside the probabilities of success, and his candidature can only injure the prospects of Lincoln and advance those of the Copperhead nominees. For this reason Garrison supports the reelection of Lincoln. "All personal preferences," he says, "should be magnanimously swallowed up in the absolute necessity of presenting an unbroken front to the common enemy." That the division in the Radical ranks is likely to promote the success of the Copperhead candidate is clear from the favor the Democratic journals show to the nomination of Gen. Fremont. Even the slaveholders prefer Fremont to the author of the Emancipation Proclamation. "Any change from Lincoln," says the Richmond *Examiner*, "will be better for us." When slave-owners and their sympathizers manifest such preferences as these, the wise course is to defeat their wishes. Besides, so far as slavery is concerned—and that is the vital question to be considered—there is really no difference between the platform accepted by Mr. Lincoln and that accepted by Gen. Fremont. Mr. Garrison, moreover, maintains that Abraham Lincoln ought to be reelected in order to vindicate the principle of the right of the people to choose its own ruler. The authority of Mr. Lincoln has never yet been recognized in the South. For the purpose of asserting the authority over all the States which was given him by all, Mr. Garrison advocates a renewed lease of power for the present President.

This is the position of William Lloyd Garrison. In what respect does it fall short of the position he has held for more than thirty years? In Garrison less the friend of the slave, less the enemy of the slave-owner, than he ever was? Has he become polite to falsehood? Does he compromise with injustice? In his present attitude there is no sacrifice of principle, no sign of paltering or of faltering. It is not he that has come down to the politicians, but the politicians that have come up to him. His present policy, it seems to us, is not only righteous, but prudent and wise. But it is a little annoying to find the courage of a soldier who has stood for thirty years in the breach called in question by men who have only just put on the uniform. Garrison, however, is not the man to be dismayed by ungenerous assaults. He has borne the standard of Abolition in worse times and in fiercer battles, and we are quite sure that the last man to lower or disonor it, while life and vigor lasts, will be William Lloyd Garrison.

LETTER FROM EDWARD EVERETT.

(The subjoined letter was read at the great Union meeting lately held in Faneuil Hall, in celebration of our recent glorious victories.)

SUMMER STREET, 5th of September, 1864.

DEAR SIR: It is not in my power to attend the meeting in Faneuil Hall to-morrow, but I cheerfully comply with your request that I would write a letter expressive of the feelings which I share with the community, on the joyous occasion. We have reason, indeed, not merely for patriotic exultation, but for heartfelt gratitude to the Sovereign Disposer, for the brilliant triumphs of our arms by sea and by land during the past Summer. First came the contest of the Kearsage and Alabama, of the 18th of June, in which the inglorious career of the corsair—a pirate by his own definition—was, on his first encounter with the brilliant triumphs of our arms by sea and by land during the past Summer. First came the contest of the Kearsage and Alabama, of the 18th of June, in which the inglorious career of the corsair—a pirate by his own definition—was, on his first encounter with the brilliant triumphs of our arms by sea and by land during the past Summer. 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